July 14,1928

"How many days before the Fourth,Mother?" Thomas asked at least once a day ,for a week before the great day.
Every evening,while the "Grownups " were eating supper, races were run in the yard inpreparation for for the races they hoped to win on the "Glorious Fourth".

Are we going to have pistols Mother?" was another question asked with a tone of anxiety for the pistols that were used a year ago had been destroyed as soon as the day was over.
"I have four pistols I have saved from Christmas and I shall give those to the boys who are going to Sitka. If you want pistols you must buy them them for your selves."
In a short time there was another tap on the door and a delegation of sixteen wanted to come in.
Five year old Brownie began "I want to buy a pistol". "I too" "I too" came the chorus of voices. I knew the subject could not rest until settled.
"Let us look at your bank book and see what you have to spend".
Most of the boys had enough saved to purchase the coveted article but a few did not. However they had no notion of doing without. When told their savings would not purchase pistols, they pressed closer„to me and declared they wanted them anyway. "I can give Phillip ten cents said generous Larry. Waldermar was bankrupt . "I am sorry my boy, but you have no money." "I want a pistol " he declared with determination in voice and action.
David ,who had received some money from home said with pride,"I've got plenty of money I'll buy him one". Evidently Waldermar had no scruples about accepting: he had come determined to have a pistol it mattered not where it came from.

Of course the girls had to have caps so they could help with the noise and the all wore tiny American flags.
It was interesting to note their carefulness about eating that lunch just before the races. Health hygiene is having its effect and the care of the "Temple " means something to them.

The hottest day of the summer but we must be patriotic. We all sallied forth,"Mother with her hand bag ,small tablet and pencil to receive and note the prizes received racing ,three foot races ,sack races and cracker races. Many of the children earned prizes and were happy over it
Late in the after noon we all returned to the house and prepared for a picnic supper in the front yard. A few more caps were distributed to the delight of the boys . They could finish the day with a delightful noise which would make them happy.

The children and I gathered for worship but before we had our little service the bank book had to be brought in and every body wanted to how they stood financially. More than thirteen dollars had been so most of the children were a little richer for the day's effort ure. After singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee" ,our little Bibl and prayer ,tired but happy the children went to bed. Esther lin a minute to ask, "Mother,when do we go to Lake Bennett".

slipped away to be with Jesus. She tried to get well but was not afraid to go to the friend of little children." I did some things I shouldn't but I tried to be good".

After she was gone the children talked about her as tho' she was still one of the family. "Mother,Did you see Jesus when He came for Emma? Can you tell us what He looked like?" Helen asked.

"Will Jesus let Emma and Matthew play together in Heaven? " Phillip wanted to know. Virginia loves a doll very much so Christmas without a doll would be disappointing indeed. " Dont you think Jesus will give Emma a doll for Christmas? mother".was her question.

Haines House is a happy place for all the children are well and have good times.

The children have swings ,a sliding board, a maypole and teeter torters and they are learning to be kind and to do team work.

When we were memorizing the Sermon on the Mount I read "But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek ,turn to him the other also." "I would give him a good smack on the other also." I reminded Thomas that Jesus wanted us to forgive each other. "After we turn the other cheek wouldn't it be all right to smack him on both cheeks?""Jesus dont say anything about that. This was James suggestion.

Our children can say the Golden Rule but ,like some Missionary Mail children ,They find it hard work to live up to it. Perhaps you will say when you read this,"How does she know ,she does not know us?" I do know you for I know little children and find Indians are like white folks under their dark skin. We all need the Sermon on the Mount as a guide for our daily lives and the Spirit of Jesus to help us to follow the Guide.

Haines House Family sent greetings to all the
Missionary Mail Children

Mother E.A.Jackson

WHEN THE BELL RINGS

1945

In small families like most of you have, not many of you have bells to tell you what to do. We have forty seven children in our family and each supervisor "mother" has over twenty either boys or girls, so we have to have a bell to tell us things.

When the 7 o'clock "wake-up" bell rings, some of us hop out of bed in a hurry and get dressed. Elmer most always gets up before the bell and runs around tickling the boys, especially the older ones. Billy and Arthur have an awful time getting up - first they stretch and yawn and about decide to get up, then they snuggle down in the covers and try to go to sleep again. Soon they hear their supervisor "mother" call - "Billeeee", "Arthur" - "it is time to get up", so after a few more stretches and yawns, they crawl out of bed. The girls in the dormitory, eight of them, hop out right away and try to see who will be dressed first. Some of the older girls sometimes "hate to get up in the morning", especially when they have put their hair up on curl papers the night before. Germaine and Marilyn are real "curly-tops" when they take the curl papers out.

At fifteen minutes before eight, we hear a long-short-long bell and those of us who have scratches, cuts, bruises, or something else that the Nurse needs to look after, go to the dispensary. She has lots of red, black, white and other kinds of medicine, which some kind Doctor in Ohio, and others sent to us. The girls in the dining room set the tables and help the "grown-up" who serves breakfast get it on the table when this bell rings. Joe, Nicki, Johnny and some of the other boys peep thru the door window of the passage-way to see if things are getting ready fast enough, they are so hungry. "Yummmmmm! That toast smells good", says Joe. Gerry, Betty and some of the girls have their napkins and stand waiting time to eat, too.

No more bells ring until time for lunch. We hurry to get our bits of work done, each one of us has something to do toward getting our "house"

cleaned up- beside our bed making, then we have play time.
Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling, we hear the "out-door" bell being rung - it calls us to get our faces and hands washed for lunch. It also calls the "kitchen" boys and girls to help get the lunch on the tables, with the help of the "grown-up". "Goody, goody, we have potatoes and baked beans". "Look at that nice lettuce from our garden, too! Ummmmm!" "Isn't that orange juice good!!" Benny, Sandy, Evelyn, Rosita and Pauline can hardly wait to get the blessing said everything looks so good. Many of the "family" come for "seconds", especially the ones from the "big" boys table. Charles and Marvin, who have been working with the Farmer are really hungry.
Buzzzzzz! Buzzzzz! There goes the "get-ready-for-worship" bell and we scamper off to wash our faces and comb our hair to look tidy and neat for worship. Sometimes, when Billy and Donald, or Dorothy have just succeeded in taking a good walk on the highest stilts, it is rather hard to get in on time, but mostly we do. At half-past five the "worship" bell rings and we go to the reading rooms, where the leader is playing the piano. We go in softly and get a song book and Bible and sit down. The boys always sit together and the girls sit on the other side of the room together. Sometimes Lief or Lou Ann play the piano for us and we sing the songs they know how to play. We like to sing. Josephine, the littlest one, can sing some of the songs almost better than the rest of us. We learn Bible verses and read from our Bibles. The leader tells or reads us many nice stories.
The last bell of the day sounds near seven thirty o'clock. We don't very often like to hear this bell ring, for it is the "get-ready-for-bed" signal, and we are often having such a good time playing Goal-Hi, base ball, jumping rope, or just running around and playing games, that it is hard to stop. But we know that our supervisor "mother" will read us a story when we get into bed, so that makes it a little easier. Besides,

it is really hard to get up in the morning when we are too slow in getting to bed.

So the bells ring at Haines House - to call us to work, to eat, to worship and to sleep. We don't know what we would do without our bells.

--Olive Fisher

Maintenance

F 29711 - 100 Betty Sitton 7-11

F 27643 - 100 " " 6-18

F 26628 - 100 " " 5-31

F 21684 - 13558 " " 3-15 Sale of Coal mar 5-1940

Dept 12 - Sale of clothing $18.61

All the fresh milk he wants to drink, home-made bread, meat butchered on the farm, potatoes and vegetables grown in the garden, and berries which he has helped to pick are items taken for granted by a fortunate Haines House boy or girl. But there are some advantages that he does not have. He may have to wait for several trips of the mail boat to bring him a letter from some relative or member of the family. Every time one of the supervisors returned from a walk to the village, where a stop at the post office is taken for granted, she is asked by some child "any mail?" You see, Jane and Mike, and all of them think just as much of their dear ones as you do - maybe more so because of being separated from them.

The Haines House children rarely have an opportunity to listen to the radio, for reception is very often poor until after nine o'clock, when perhaps a supervisor takes time to relax for a moment and listen to news or music. Once in a while there is an exception that proves the rule. I was out visiting shut-ins one day when I met two of our girls out preparing gardens near the school. They told me of hearing about Franklin D. Roosevelt's death over a nearby radio, but details were hard to get until the next news magazine arrived.

Movies are several months old when we view them, but they are enjoyed just that much more. I believe Cowboy stories and Henry Aldrich series rank as favorites for most of the children.

How I've wished that the services of a full time music teacher might be obtained for Haines House boys and girls. Seven of the boys have had a little help in learning to play the piano during one afternoon a week which I could spare from kitchen work. But there are seven more boys and twice as many girls clamoring for an opportunity to learn to play. Such knowledge can prove so helpful, too. Paul and Billy have

done so well that they can play a few hymns for the group singing at worship time just before supper time. The 4H Club song leader likes to play the tunes they sing at club meeting. My,how enthusiastically the group sings "Anchors Aweigh", "Marine Hymn" whenever they get together for an informal sing.

So the disadvantages of living far away from some of the things you think are necessary prove challenges to us who care for Haines House children. We want to help build each life into the best God can make it. We know the government school teachers do a lot of hammering and constructive building every day. We also are sure that unless each life is built on the solid foundation, Jesus Christ and His saving and keeping power, all other efforts at building are useless. So through every day, we try to show each Haines House boy and girl how to accept that "Cornerstone" and build upon it for the future as well as present happiness in Christ our Lord.

Dorothy Callecod

A Eulachon Picnic.

"Will you do me a favor?"
Are we going to have a eulachon picnic?"
"Some folks have already gone."
"When can we go?"
"Just as soon as the eulachon start running."

So the questions and the days went late in April and early inMay until the good news came that the eulachon were running. After consulting the teachers,it was decided to dismiss school early on Friday so everybody could go. Then how to go,what to take and such questions had to be answered. The older children offered and even begged to run all the seven miles to the "grounds". Cars and a truck were secured for most of the family. The kitchen was a busy place,for the regular meals for our big family had to be prepared,beside the packing of frying pans,bread,pickles and fruit..Such a rush and shouting as was heard in the yard as the children hurried home to change clothes and be ready to go!

Some of the older ones with a supervisor started to walk. With Miss Lawrence's car and Mr Sheldon's truck packed with children and food the exodus began. There was much fun watching for the first signs of spring. Then there was vying to see who would be the first to see the eulachon grounds.There was no mistaking the "We-ee! "There they are" Sheds,tents boats, people! The children could hardly wait for the cars to stop before they rushed out to see the hand carved canoes loaded with eulachon,(also called candle fish because they are so oily they will burn.) Some to watch the boats coming with a blanket for a sail and some still fishing with a large net on the end of a long pole dipped into the water,while others ran to see the large pits filled full of fish,with the large iron kettles nearby ready to boil the fish to secure the oil. Still others were more interested in climbing the mountain side to slide down on to hunt flowers,shooting stars,violets etc.

A few watched the purshe of a large pailful of the fish and then helped to clean them while others helped Miss Allen start the campfire hunting for a good supply of wood. As the fish were rolled in corn meal and fried the appreciative audience increased until all were ready to form their "bread-line",sing their blessing and eat their sandwich of good,whole wheat bread,fish and pickle. Could they have a second helping? The answer came that they could. Followed by the dessert of cookies and fruit.Then they played while the grown ups ate.

Around the fire they gathered again to sing hymns,repeat Bible verses and to pray.That was followed by the ceremony of extenguishing the fire and packing the cars ready to return home.Arriving safely,they went to bed tired but happy.

Haines House Christmas
Told by one of the Guests.

As we entered the house we were invited up to the third floor of the Girls' house by a shining eyed little girl in an apron. At the top of the stairs a warm soft,red glow met us and a small shining tree. And all around stood little girls in aprons. That was our first impression,- warm,soft glow, red cheer,little shining-eyed little girls in aprons. What is there about a little girl in an apron? That homey feeling, maybe, or the woman she is to be, but whatever it be on Christmas,let there be little girls in aprons.

Details came next as we looked about us. The large playroom under the eaves had been swept clean and garnished. All around the walls red,crepe Santa Claus paper had been tucked. The lights were dimmed by paper streamers and the little tree,an artistic bit showing the supervisor's hand, was dripping with shiny icicles.

Word came that they were ready for us over in the boys' house and off we all trooped down the dark stairway. As we passed the neat and orderly rooms we peeked in and saw there was a tiny tree on the table in each, decorated of course by the girls themselves. (No lack of evergreen trees in Alaska, you see0
And- yes,last year's gingham animals were perched on each bed.

Those new to Haines House must be told that the boys' building is much newer than the girls',having been built only about eight years and is reached by a long glassed in passageway which connects the two buildings. Going through this passageway sharpened your appetite for the Christmas thrills upstairs. Thd frosty air gives you a nip which makes you appreciate the cozy warmth awaiting, and out through its many windows are the frosty stars or the swirling snow-flakes-at any rate a winter scene.

Sometimes after the passageway we dash back for our coats,but always we hurry on up the boys' stairs to the surprize we know is there. We are the guests Miss Lawrence always asks some form town some from the Barracks, but all old or new friends of the Mission.

Somehow or other the children have all scooted ahead while we were getting our coats, so as we reach the head of the stairs we see them all seated on the floor before the surprise Christmas scene, to which we had been traveling. This scene is always skillfully constructed and beautiful.

Two stand out in my memory. One time there was a huge fire place with a huge beautifully shiny tree beside it. And yes Old Santa came right through the fire place as old Santa really should. Another time there was a wall with

a gate with lighted globes on the huge posts each side of the gate. Old Santa jingled his bells entered thro the fireescape behind the wall and came out through the gate.

Beautiful as this all sounds, the most beautiful part of the picture is not the back ground but the foreground made up of little girls and big girls in gay colors and aprons, little boys and big boys in the varied but uninteresting things that boys wear, and all with big bright eyes and shining faces. The shine came partly from the colored Christmas tree lights,but a few minutes after when they sang "Silent Night" I noticed that the shine was still there and in their eyes was some hing of the meaning of the song. Miss Lawrence asked them to tell the Christmas story which they did verbatim. They sang all the old well loved Christmas songs and then they listened to one of those beautiful Christmas stories where a child brings a gift to the king.

Following this they all swing into "Jingle Bells" which was Santa's cue. Now this Santa was padded up quite as far as defety allowed and he wore the regulation red flannel and white fur. His false face looked less false than cheery. His suit had been made for a much shorter Santa and had been pieced out by a quilt snatched from a boy's bed. This the small boy instantly recognised with much pride, they all knew but none resented that Santa's voice was that of Mr Swets as he told of North Pole conditions and some were especially thrilled when he talked to them personally. His pack he had eased down to the floor and would you believe it,- out of it came a switch for Miss Lawrence and a stick of candy for one especially good child. There were gifts in there for the grown-ups for as you may surmise one poor Santa could scarcely carry gifts enough to cheer the hearts of fifty on one back broad though it be.

Soon Santa laid a vandel hand on the beautiful wall. Rip went red brick and white mortar, crackle went tall posts, artistic coverings, showing wooden boxes stacked firmly together,fifty odd of them all told making a wall if not of beauty now, still one of Christmas cheer. See the children come alive now as Santa roared out their names. No lagging feet now as they received their gifts in person. Watch Emma, the quiet one- her first Christmas here. If that isn't one perpetual grin then I never saw one.

The childrens hour indeed-plenty of noise, freedom and happiness. Mr Dick is plugging in a long cord for a movie camera to hold Christmas happiness at just that pitch for those who cant be there.

For an hour they play and then toys and children trudge cheerfully to bed. Next comes the Grown-ups hour under the candles in the dining room. There is a beautiful table,something hot to drink, fruit cake and nuts for the guests who were fortunate enough to be in on a Haines House Christmas.

Haines House
Haines Alaska

Our children miss the comforts of home when they leave Haines House instead of missing the comforts when they come to us.

Last summer when our dear Agnes was so sick she told the doctor she could get better if she could have food like she had when she was in Haines House.

When I came home she held my hand and begged me not to leave her "Mother you know what I need and now I will get better". She had one night of comparative comfort when the dear Lord called her Home.

When Pauline was dying she begged to be brought home. "I would like to die in a clean bed". How hard it was to refuse.

When Mr. Dundas visited his boys during the convention he told me he would give the boys a chance togo back with him if they wanted to for he missed them so much. "No Daddy, we have a good home and a good mother and we want to stay." Mrs Dundas died when Jimmie was a very small boy. The father is an industrious man and made a home for his boys. He went to work and the little fellows kept house. Saturday they went to the show. The father decided the boys were running wild and were learning undesirable things. He is a christian and wants his boys to do what is right.

Our Bessie was invited out to dinner. The people gave her coffee to drink. She told them she was not allowed to drink it. Coffee was not good for children. It was urged upon her and when she would not take it Bessie was sent home . She did not complain for she was sure of her ground .

The contrast between beds on the floor with no mattrass , just wrapped in a blanket or quilt is great and none of the children want to go back to it. As I censor the letters that are written home, repeatedly I read " We have good things to eat in this home and we have good beds to sleep in. "Children who are clean in body and mind can never go back to the old way of living. Mrs. James Klanot who cannot write his name has enlarged his house and finished bedrooms so his son-in-law told me nearly everybody has his own room. Now he is installing plumbing and a bath room . The family live like white people altho' the native language is used constantly in the home. All the native people love music so Mr, Klanot bought a piano for his girls. If you should meet him you would wonder at his willingness to do these things. Perhaps his wife is the moving Spirit. Another ten years will make a great difference in the home life of the native people. A convention guest told me the Wrangell people were far ahead of Haines people in their mode of living. Houses werelike white people ,furnished with bath and other conveniences. Our people in Haines are desperately poor .but patient and uncomplaining and cheerful. Altogether a lovable race.

So rce Material.

Haines is a small village about sixteen miles south of Skagway, the northen end of the famous Inside Passage. But this sixteen miles is so mountainous and so impassable that one can only reach Skagway by boat. Haines itself is situated on a much more level site then most Alaskan towns for there is a very level stretch of land going back a mile to the Chilcat River.

There are about two hundred people living here,about equally divided between white and Indian. The latter,however are a migratory people,in summer going to their fishing grounds and canneries, and then coming back to town during the winter. Although sometimes as this winter when the fishing has not been good and they come back with little money they go up to another Indian village where the houses are larger enough to accomodate more families and so they can get along with less cost.

There is an army post near the town where between two and three hundred men are stationed. We get our water supply through this post, also have the advantages of their cable office,their harbor boat which makes two trips a week to Skagway and most important of all,the army physicen attends our children.Then since our nurse is the only registered nurse in either the village or the post she helps him out in cases requiring a nurse.

Haines House is an orphanage for Native Alaskan Indian children. Many of them have white fathers as their light hair and in a very few cases their blue eyes show. All have lost either both parents,or one or thier home conditions are so undesirable that the legal authorities have taken the children away.

We have forty nine at present,23 girls and 26 boys. They are between the ages of four and eleven. When they are twelve we send them to the Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka. While they are with us they attend the government school here in the village. Since we have had the home here it has raised the standard of the school immensly. They have three teachers in place of one. The village children come dressed cleaner and more regularly as they see the home children do.

The older children are organized in a Light Bearers society which meets every Sunday evening. They study the mission study books one night a month,one night a study of famous hymns,another, a Junior C.E. and another,systematic Bible Study. These are conducted by different members of the staff. Then every night before the evening meal they have worship, there all the children sing,repeat memory verses,have habit talks, and learn to pray.

The girls at school together with the outside girls have organized [illegible] during the winter who will carry out a new Scout Troop. Also two evenings a week one of the Native women comes in and instructs the boys in carving [illegible]. Mrs. [illegible], wife of S.J.S. has a class of our Native craft.They are making little papooses head bands etc of beaded leather.

One of the first girls we sent to SJS graduated from that institution last spring, the only graduate in her class, and this year is attending Ashville Normal expecting to fit herself as a teacher and [illegible] in Alaska. [illegible], whose older sister Marion brought her two sisters and her brother Matthew here to Haines House nine years ago so she herself could go to school. [illegible] to us both by her splendid work and also by giving us a better contact with the Native people.

We have nine on the staff altogether. This includes, an executive, nurse, who besides taking care of the children's physical needs but also is the only registered nurse in the whole community and so must do much community work. Two supervisors and two in the kitchen. Then we have two men who look after the upkeep of the buildings and who are doing some extensive farming for this company. We keep our own cows and chickens, raise all the peas, beans, fresh vegetables we can eat all summer and have carrots and cabbage and potatoes all the winter besides sending several ton of potatoes to S.J.S.

The children help in the garden, the boys carry all the furnace wood in from the wood shed, split the kitchen wood besides caring for their house. The girls help with the mending and look after their house.

In the nine years of our existence we have only had five deaths here in the home, a quite remarkable record considering the physical condition of the children when they come to us and too, their susceptibility to tuberculosis.

AN INTIMATE STORY OF THE VEGETABLES AT HAINES HOUSE

It is spring at Haines House. The birds are back from their annual trip south. Lazy, smooth water that reflects the sun's rays st stretches away to the snow-capped mountains in the distance. Worms, a never ending source of joy to the children, ooze from out the black soil.

Hoes that have lain dormant all winter are seen flashing in the sunshine. The girls and boys are digging up the ground for their gardens The girls raise flowers in a fenced-in old fashioned garder near the house and boys raise vegetables in a plot of ground out by the "big garden.

Two horses, one black and one white, plow the rich fertilizer n under the rockless black soil. Their names are Frank and Dan. They belong to Haines House. Frank, the black one is an old time sourdough of twenty-five years. Dan is a recent arrival from the cow-punching country. He is five years old and in the stage of being broken into doing all kinds of work

Small figures are seen slipping out at different times, a few days after the seeds are planted to see if they are growing well. This process consists of digging the seeds to see if they have started to grow. For all this extra attention, the gardens really do grow and look well.

The farm men are busy also at this time, planting grains, potatoes beets, turnips, cabbages, carrots, and many other short growing garden vegetables.

Weeding time comes. With it comes a test of ones real character. Some children weed faithfully and leave a clean garden while others feel more strongly the call of kites, marbles or mud pies.

A dry spell comes. Water is needed on the plants. It is then that a pleasure begins for some. Water is not a solid and it really does feel nice on warm days. The toes can wiggle better for a little dampness inside a tennis shoe. Water of this type does not seem like the water of bath days.

The long days of summer, which only hold one hour of darkness on the longest day, slip around quickly to days of shorter length. Fall is in the air. The mountains which were green all summer turn purple, brown, and red. The snow covers the peaks. Frost is felt in the air one morning in early October.

It is a clear day. You can see all the Haines House staff out pulling vegetables and cutting their tops. Now the school children come home from the government school. It seems like a lot of ants turned loose in the garden. The carrots prove a popular field of pulling to them. Many carrots find other homes besides the root house.

One little fellow pulls out a 13 pound turnip with so much force that he rolls over backwards and causes all the others to laugh. The piles of vegetables grow. The once long rows are a mass of tops and sacks of winter food.

Frank and the farm supervisor arrive on the scene with the wagon piled full of happy youngsters. They fall off and the sacks are loaded on. Frank in the mean time has enriched his diet with a few carrot tops.

The vegetables find a resting place in the root house. They are removed only when needed by the cooks or when pockets have a hunting spirit. The ruhbarb and the perennial flowers are covered with sea weed. Jack Frost comes stealing into the ground. The water in the bay rushes in with a sweep of vengence. It shows its teeth to the low hanging clouds as one white cap after another runs high and breaks on its surface.

Haines House sleeps peacefully from the root house to the placid little faces tucked under brightly colored comforts as the first snow of the winter covers all the ragged spots of the surrounding country and makes them as white as frosted cakes.

---------- Ruth Love-------

WHEN THE DISPENSARY BELL RINGS

Would you like to come into the dispensary, the nurses workshop, to look and listen?

As she is preparing the medicines, the swish of brooms may be heard. Some one is asking:"Has the first bell rung?" Perhaps just then the bell does ring and a merry patter of feet follows. Then a pause, while some child knocks at the door. Then they hear the "come in" of the nurse, a line, varying in length with the seasons, marches into the room.

Calcidin, Rhinitis, Codliver oil are dispensed until a new-comer arrives in the line. "What is the trouble here?" See! My hand, me". Youu look and see a scratch or cut ready for care or maybe a bruise, while all eyes watch to see what is used If tincture of Arnica is applied, you may hear the remark, "Prune juice, I like that, me".

Perhaps Rosalind is next, saying, "We were playing on the slippery-slide and I hurt my feet." The injury is to the shins. Or maybe Martin says; "My head hurts". In answer to the question "Where?", he places his hand over his stomach.

Or you may hear as Juanita is given her calcidin, "I'm a slow-poke and my chinny-chin-chin is rough". As the lotion is applied, the chorus comes from the line: "My lips","My face" "My hands".

You have been watching a round-faced, smiling girl, wn wondering why she needed to come and are surprised to hear her say;"My tooth wiggles, Miss Farquharson said for me to come to the nurse." The tooth is examined and extracted without a sound and after rinsing her mouth and receiving her tooth, Julia with a

If it was soon after the regular weighing, you might hear:"I wanted to loose". " I did too, but I gained two pounds." And, until you heard, " I wanted milk in the afternoons," you were surprised because they were sturdy little boys whom you had seen enjoying their work and play.

You may hear whisperings and sense something unusual in happening in the hall. The suspense will not be long for soon the herald announces; "An outside boy. His hand is hurt."

Near the end of the line you may have heard someone telling some happening at school or on the playground or comparing meals with Henry, who is in bed in the sick-room.

But the second bell rings and they go to the other building for meals or worship, while the nurse tidies the dispensary, answers Henry's questions of things he saw or overheard, gives him his medicine or prepares gargles for the "after meal patients?"

-----Blanche Horner***

The Princeton comes to Haines.

The windows of the sick room face the bay and from the room comes a happy call, "A small boat is coming in, I think it's the Princeton." Most of the children are in school but the little tots and the grown-ups rush to the windows and watch as the little white and orange boat slowly makes its way into port. Then comes a familiar, shrill whistle and the grown-ups rush down to the dock. The children in the school room loose all interest in their work---- the Princeton has come.

It is not the little boat itself that interests them but its passengers are favorite visitors. Mr. and Mrs. Waggoner, the Sunday school missionary for Southeastern Alaska and his wife, make regualr trips to all the Indian villages in their section. They have been doing this for years and so know the fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, cousins of the Haines House children.

Mr. Waggoner is glad for the opportunity to be with the children during their worship period and watches with keen interest as they march in and take their places on their cushions on the floor. He recognizes most of them and recalls how he took Tommie on the Princeton when his mother died in Sitka, had his tonsils removed in Juneau and then sent him on up to Haines on the little mail boat. He is delighted with the progress Tommie has made in four short months. He asks about Juanita, a little five year old whom he and his wife rescued from a mother who runs a house of prostitution. His attention is called to Martin, the youngest member of the family, and told that he did not know this little fellow. "Then he found his name he said," Why I gave him his name". Then he enumerate the many children he had baptised in their native villages before their homes were broken up and they were brought to Haies House.

The children are all seated now and without books, they sing lustily several hymns Mr. Waggoner asks for. He is delighted with their having memorized the songs and hundreds of verses of scripture. He gives them a little sermon to which they listen with rapt attention. The worship is closed with prayer. Many of the children come and ask him about the home folks. The less confident ones sidle up and touch his legs of arms, ever so lightly, and go off well pleased. Some just look and receive a smile and are satisfied. They all go happily to their evening meal and in the middle of the night, those who are easily awakened may hear a little movement of water as the Princeton starts off to take cheer to some other village.

Those who have slept soundly look to-wards the bay the first thing in the morning and with disappointment remark,"The Princeton is Gone". As is the way with children, their disappointment doesnt last for long and some one says," When will the Princeton come back?" The time of its next visit is a bright spot in the future about which they all dream.

--------Jane Barber---

THINGS TO MAKE.

Old Indian Village.

hiver winding in front, with war canoe on water's edge. Near the river are some old sheds made of logs and propped up with poles. These are the smoke houses where they smoke their fish.

ack from the road are a row of large community houses made of unp painted boards or logs. Like diagram.

cemetery with marble stones with fish or eagle or large frog on top. These could be made of soap.

odern Village.

o to date houses, indows, sidewalks, pictures on alls, sewing ma- ines, r dios, electric lights, cooking stoves etc. Community c nter, electric light plant, hospital, , hlyr.

own city house.

Large frame house with one large room, with a hole in the center of the floor for the fire. Some large poles ext end across the whole length of the house about half w up which sup orts a loft which is also open in the center. Above the fire hole is a large hole in the roof which allows the smoke to escape.

In the four corners and surrounding these poles are the house totems with the family history pictures on them.

Opposite the front door is a raised platform and back of that is the Chief's private room which is entered by a large hole. When all the tribe is assembled he comes out this hole and stands on this platform and addresses hem or sits the e while they hav their ceremonial dance around the fire.

ir canoes like diagram.

ishes carved out of soap.

Ceremonial blankets. (see clipping)

Masks used in ceremonial dances

Dolls made of some material to represent moosehide like pathern.

ONE DAY AT H/IN S HOUSE.

Act one.

Scene one.

A bare room suggesting a passageway, low bench with odds and ends of rubbers. Small boy with one rubber on hunting among others. Three or four girls in one line and same nuber of boys in another. House mother looks them over as they go out door, each one showing his finger nails and pulling out handkercheif for inspection. One or two sent back to clean nails, get clean handkerchief or to tie shoe. Each one [illegible].

Housemother What did you do with it when you came home last night?
Johnny- Somebody else wore it.
H.M. Well its getting late put this one on if it doesn't match. Now tonight get your clothes pin and fasten them together.
Exit boy. H.M. goes to door and looks out. How it does pour. I hope [illegible] raining steadily now for three weeks." Picks up some torn rubbers and starts in the house. " I'll take these to Marion and ask her to put on some rubber patches.

Scene two.

House mother sitting at typwriter with desk littered with papers one wirebasket with letters to be answered, another with envelopes ready for mail. Some children's busy work pinned around on wall.

H.M. I must get to work on this mail. Tomorrow is boat day again How will I leave so many letters until the last day. I'll begin on this monthly report. It should have gone on the last boat.
[illegible]
Enter Miss Taft with two boys under school age with her.
Miss Taft---Will you please order some inch wide elastic and some nonelastic to go with it. I just cant keep these boys in supporters. Takes one boy on her lap and begins pulling up his stocking. I think they break them so they can have cigarters as they call themm like the big boys.
While she ties one boy's shoe and tells the other to wipe his nose H.M. reaches for Sears Roebuck catalogue.
H.M. Strange I cent find that nonelastic. Hand me Montgomery Ward, will you please. Oh [illegible]. Those girls do lose them in spite of all we can do. Oh I wish I could go into a good dress store and see what I am getting.
As Miss Taft leaves H.M. takes up report again.
New admissions during month.
Martha and George Takasaka came this month. How poor little George did scream when his father left him, but he seems happy enough now. How [illegible] House was a hospital. And now after all these years he has a mink farm at [illegible], [illegible] he's brought his children back to the Mission he knew so long ago.

Enter Miss Allen, the cook with dough on one hand.
Miss E. Mr Klanot is at the door with fish to sell.
H.M. We cant use any today can we?
Miss E. He says he will sell it cheap.
H.M. I suppose it is this time of year. Doubtfully Could you possibly get time to can it.
Miss Ellen I'll try if the boys can cut it up after school tonight.
H.M. Oh the'll enjoy that.
She takes purse out of drawer and they both leave.

Act.ll.

Housemother busy at typewriter.
Enter Miss Marion, A Navajo girl, graduate of Sheldon Jackson School now a helper in the home. She is carrying a pile of rubbers with patches sewed on them.
Miss Marion-- Here they are, I think they will last a little longer.
H.M. Yes indeed, Marion that is surely a good job.
Marion puts letter in basket--- Here is a letter I wrote to Beatrice.
H.M. All right Marion, How does your little sister like Ashville.
Marion-- She likes it very much, she wants to stay four years, then come back here and teach.
H.M. I hope she may, Marion.
Marion leaves.
H.M. to herself. Just think one of our first Haines House girls a graduate of S.j.S. and is now attending Ashville Normal.
Enter a small girl excitedly
Miss Horner says come quick Julia has tumbled out the second story window. She runs out.
Enter H.M. and Miss Horner dressed as nurse.
Miss Horner--- I cant see a single stratch on her. I just cant understand how she escaped being killed.
H.M. How did it happen any way?
Miss Horner She and Helen were supposedly taking their naps and Julia was on the bed next the window. Helen came out saying Julia had gone out the window. Miss Farquahson rushed down as fast as she could go expecting to see her crushed, but found her calmly picking herself up from the basement floor [illegible] had fallen. She picked her up brought her in to me and we sent for the Post doctor. But neither of us have been able to find any injury. I never was so frightened in all my life. Well I must hurry back and see if she is still alright. I think we had better keep her inbed for a day or two.

Act lll.

After school same day.
Girls sitting round room supposed to be girls' reading room. All are darning stockings. Large clothes basket of stockings in center of room. At one end of room Miss Farquahson, girls' supervisor is cutting hair of girl sitting on high stool.
Girls are all talking excitedly about Julia's tumble.

Miss Farquahson Some little girl had disobeyed and unfastened that screen. Think what a terrible punishment that might have been. It was only our Heavenly Father's watchful care that saved her life.

Act III con't.

Enter M.M. with native woman whose hair is unkept and falling loose to shoulders. She is dressed in an old raincoat and rubbers boots. M.M. is holding a small pocket mole of himself.

M.M. to Miss M. Look what Mrs Johnny has brought me isn't it nice. (calls to one of the girls dorning) Maggie come over here your mother wants to tell me something and I cant understand her?
Native woman talks in native to daughter.
Maggie who says women in village tell her that home children just eat little mush,hunerry all time.
M.M. What did you tell her Maggie?
Maggie I tell her home children eat good.
M.M. to Maggie Ask her if she thinks these cildrn look as if they were hunerry. Points to girls in room.
Maggie interprets it to her mother.
M.M. Ask her to stay for the children's worship and then come in and watch the children eat their supper.
Maggie interprets to mother.
Mother's face lights up.she goes and sits in corner of room.

Bell rings
Children put away their morning and hurry out.
M.M. There's the bell for worship. The day has this day gone! And my mail! Perhaps I can finish some of it yet tonight.
Two girls bring in cushions and put on floor.
Now comes running in goes up to M.M. Mr Barnett says tell you the boss is coming tonight instead of tomorrow.
M.M. resignedly I'll just have to wait another week. Those that missionary society wont get too impatient.

Enter all children room will hold girls sit down on cushions boys on floor
M.M. to one boy Sit down Johnny you know the boys get the cushions next week.
All sing two or three familiar hymns and then repeat memory work.
M.M. What shall we pray about tonight.
Girl Thank Jesus that Julie wasn't hurt.
Older girl I think we had better ask Him to make us more careful about keeping the screens fastened.
M.M. Yes Jessie is right we must learn to do our part.
All sing softly Now the day is over.

Curtain.

CAMPING AT MILL OF GULLY VIEW.

One summer Martin Watson, a good friend of the family invited the children to come out at his ranch, about six miles from Haines and one mile from a fish cannery.

The place is really very pretty and quiet with beautiful mountains and Davidson Glacier on the other side of the river. There is a nice ranch house which makes the scenery more interesting. Martin claims it as good as a million dollar view.

Miss Le Rouge accepted the invitation and then the question was who was to go first. At last it was decided that Miss Smith should take the boys, and I as cook for the whole crowd, and my sister Beatrice as helper and to act as Life Guard with Miss Smith while the boys were in swimming. Miss Allen was to stay at home to bake the bread and send it out.

It was exciting times when the day came about the middle of July for the boys to go. Indeed they were proud that they should go first and get their camp ready for the girls when they should come. Their supplies and bedding went first on a truck. The next day right after breakfast Miss Smith and I started off with the large cows to hike to Camp's Cove. There Martin met us with his row boat and took us to his ranch. Miss Le Rouge and Beatrice took the little cows in their cars and drove close to the ranch.

It was fun for the boys to think of ways for it was almost noon when we arrived. Martin had caught some fish so our first meal was fish chowder with potatoes and onions in it, and hard tack and fish from home.

Toward evening the little boys commenced making tepees out of ponchos for tents to sleep in, out on the grass in front of the barn. They made a pretty picture all in a row. The little boys had their beds in the hay in the barn. Mrs Woodlow, Miss Smith and Beatrice and I [illegible].

To go in swimming was the best part for the boys, and also to go boat riding in an old skiff. Since there was only one skiff it took much planning to see that each boy had his turn. We took them blue berry picking occasionally and each boy had to bring a cupful to the camp or he would lose his dessert for they would eat a cupful and then some while picking. One time Dominic did lose his blueberry pie and he really made up for it next time.

After playing hard out doors the children did not hunger and Miss Allen had an awful time trying to keep up with the bread and send it out. I made pancakes twice a week and fried doughnuts some times during our stay.

One evening during the children's absence, Beatrice and I went to pick strawberries at a good sized ranch and had a surprise for them [illegible] with milk and sugar, others put them over cornflakes. When the girls came out we made them run into a short race and then treated. Theirs was better yet, but the boys could not be beaten. They said, "We each had a cupful, a big cupful".

At the end of the week Martin took the boys on a boat ride to near Mud Bay where there was a nice sandy beach and there they had another grand time. The boys were very sorry when their time was up. The girls came the second week with their supervisor, Miss Clark. Miss Smith left with her boys but Beatrice and I stayed on to cook for the girls.

At first the girls were much concerned about Martin's cabin and since they didn't approve of his house keeping they cleaned it up and put everything in shipshape.

The girls went in swimming everyday as the boys did. One of the hikes the girls enjoyed most was to Mud Bay where Mr McGee's ranch was. They picked and ate strawberries and blueberries until they were sick of and then Miss Clark suggested that they climb the hill to a place where there was a old cabin with a lake near by called Justaleck Lake. After an exhausting climb through bushes and Devil clubs we started down without any oth nor did we find it that day. When we reached the beach Miss Clark missed three or four of the girls. We called but there was no answer. Miss Clark was frightened. We had never heard of any bears right around there but still she was frightened. I started to run towards the McGee cabin and there the missing girls came skipping from behind the cabin with a cry, "I beat you, I beat you." I did not know whether to scold them or not so [illegible].

The girls stayed as long as the boys. Miss Allen went out for the last three days and I came home. She did her share of the cooking after I left. When the week was up. Miss Lawrence brought the girls back in her car and what few supplies were left were brought home in a truck.

I don't know whether the girls were sorry to leave or the boys were glad, anyway I know they all talked about their good times at Martin's ranch and what good things they had to eat.

A SUNDAY AFTERNOON WALK.

"All right,boys,lets go. This is the first pleasant day we have had for a long time.Miss Marion has taken the small boys with her so we can take a good long hike."

"Where'll we go?" says one.

"Let's go up the road."

"Let's go over back of the Post."

"How would you like to go over Chisel's hill andback over the new road by the bay?"

"Thats fine,we havent been that way for a long time."

So off we started up the hill,the boys running ahead with one boy holding tight to each of my hands. As we walk along they talk of former trips they have had along this road.

"Do you remember," says Sam "when we had that blueberry picnic up here and you drove your car as far as you could get? "We picked a lot of berries that day".

"We filled all the big cans you brought for berries and then all the lunch cans,didn't we?"

"I should say you did.It kept me busy emptying your small cans and didn't the folks in the kitchen have a job next day."

"We counted them as we took them to the cellar and there were over 100 cans,and didn't they taste good that winter."

Soon we reach the top of the hill.While I sit down on a stone to get my breath we all look down at the beautiful scene below. One that never fails to almost take my breath away. The bay extending out to Lynn Canal,the [illegible] inside Passage,and which looks like the Fiords of Norway with its banks lined with steep mountains. Back of the narrow strip of land,only about a mile wide is the Chilcat River rushing down to meet the Bay. Our eyes are held by the glaciers,a beautiful blue in the sun light,which come clear down to the water's edge between the steep rugged peaks of the snow covered Chilcat Range,the Alaskan Alps.

"There go the girls,shouts Billie,and we bring our gaze back to Main a House which stands out from the rest of the village with its two buildings painted white, and its green lawn sloping down to the water's edge.

But the boys are ready to go.They are not suffering from lack of breath,nor will beautiful scenery long content them. So on we go up the rocky road which has been abandoned for the new highway along the water's edge.

Soon we enter a forest of pine trees,the boys spy some blue berries,off they run,filling their pails as they go.[illegible] stiff,briarley bushes [illegible] to me. Then I see [illegible] cranberries,a bright red against the green. They are so tart I cant understand how they can eat them but they do and from the looks of their pockets they are bringing some home for another day.

Then a stout one is "Soapberries" and I see them industriously picking a small red sticky berry and putting them carefully in a small boy's pocket. Did you ever hear of Soapberries? Well the [illegible] sent to the Alaskan native children.

[illegible] doesn't see why.

[illegible] is some excitement. Pal, the beloved family dog has been having the time of his life. He wouldn't miss a Sunday after noon walk for anything. He has been chasing sticks thrown by the boys, eating Soapberries but disgustedly spitting out the cranberries. [illegible] Then off he runs after a squirrel or rabbit. [illegible] He begins to wag his tail as if enough he has been in the [illegible]. [illegible] When going down hill, the road must clamber over the rocks, the trees reaching almost overhead and the big rocks along each side are covered with moss and ferns.

[illegible] Johnson's for a drink, then home.

[illegible] Each to pull [illegible] the [illegible] time of year when they have young foxes Mr Johnson asked them if they would like to see him feed them. There is a hilarious assent. "Then help me carry up the dishes" He brings out a pile of enamel saucers, one for each animal and marked to which pens they belong. Then with a pail of [illegible] for foxes are an extremely nervous animal they trudge up the hill to the pens leaving me holding tightly to Pal's leather collar for he doesn't see why he cant go too.

Now we hurry back along the road high up the bank above the river, the boys having great sport with a pine cone battle. "Then can we have our soapberries" queries the small boy with these treasures in his pocket.

"Dont we if we get home [illegible]" I answer. This hurries them along so I puff to keep up.

As soon as we reach home one boy gets a dish pan, Tom puts in a handful of the berries, another has washed his hands clean. They put a cup ful of wat r with the berries and then beginsto rub the berries in the water. There is a soapy looking substance comes off. We keep on rubbing until the large dispan is filled with what looks like white [illegible] or as they call it soapsuds. Then they add a little sugar and flavoring. All the children are back from their walks now and are crowding around with saucers and spoons and soon are smacking their lips calling it Native icecream.

There goes the bell for worship.

So off they go to wash sticky hands and faces, then some to the dispensary to have Miss Bonner attend to the usual number of cuts and bruises, some to wash these saucers and spoons which must be [illegible] for supper, some to set the table and others to put the [illegible] on the floor of the [illegible] room where [illegible] evening worship is held.

Dont you children like to [illegible] these little Alaskan Indians?

OUR TRIP TO JUNEAU

On Wednesday morning, September 24th at 10 o'clock 21 Haines House children, Agnes, Mrs. Mellott, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Gregg, Mrs. Young and I boarded the Princeton Hall for a trip to Juneau. It was a beautiful morning and the water was as smooth as glass. The children were dentist bound and Peter for the hospital for observation(He had had diarrhea for over a week and couldn't seem to recover). After settling ourselves by making our beds, except the boys who were to sleep in the chapel(cabin), getting our work assignments, and tidying the boat, we went outside to enjoy the lovely scenery and the sunshine. We saw porpoises playing around the boat and the children shouted with glee at them. At eleven we put the fish and noodles in the oven to warm, prepared the lettuce, cut the bread and poured the milk for our lunch. Miss Stauffer had cooked "up" several dishes for us so that the meals were an easy task. Mabel and Eleanor were my right hand girls in the galley and we had fun doing things. We didn't have enough dishes so had to eat in shifts - the children first. Each child was expected to do his "work" and they were all very cooperative,even volunteered to do things.

After lunch we again enjoyed the lovely out-of-doors and sang a little as we glided along. We had our supper about 5:30 and had the dishes almost done when we docked in Juneau at 6:30 o'clock. Mr. Prouty had slowed down as we neared Juneau so the children could enjoy seeing it. Shortly after we docked we left the boat for a walk, Mrs. Young with the children and me. The other aaults found friends and relatives in Juneau and we saw very little of them until the time for returning to Haines. I shall never forget the delight and wonderment of the little ones over the neon lights and the many store buildings. 5-year old Cecelia's "LOOOOOOK IT!!"; Elden's "LOOK, Miss Fisher!"; Jack's excitement and "yelling" over everything made many people turn and smile as our 20 passed along. We had left Peter at the hospital on the way. The poor little fellow cried so loud we could hear him almost a block from the hospital - I hated leaving him but it was for his good. We stopped at a "Presbyterian" drug store where a former Sheldon Jackson School supervisor was dispensing sodas, etc., and had a double dip ice cream cone and many shiny brown eyes smiled at me over theirs. Those in the store enjoyed the delight and enthusiasm of the children over the things they saw there. Frankie, thinking of the roads of Haines, hadn't gone to the bathroom as I had directed and was VERY soaked when we got home. I washed his underwear and overalls after they were all in bed and we had to dry them in the oven after making the toast next morning. He (and we, too) was afraid he would have to go to the dentist in his pajamas, but the oven did the work just in time. We put a diaper on Elden and the girls rolled the little girl bed in rubber sheets, then after much conversation about the wonders of Juneau - and our prayer of thanks and petition , we went to sleep.

The next morning we rose early(earlier than planned) made our beds in the cabin and the others were made by the "bedroom" girls. With our toast we had cereal and milk at 8 a.m. We hustled with the dishes, off the boat and to the dentist, Dr. Polley, who had been in Skagway so we knew him. He took the children in shifts of five each and we reported to his office each hour to leave new recruits and pick up the "done" ones. All Juneau was commenting on "Mrs. Wiggs and her family". (Mrs. Young went to a different dentist) We went to the Family Shoe Store and bought shoes for Eleanor and Bessie and the children couldn't get over the great number of shoes! Then to other places for shopping for those at Haines House. After the first shift some of the little ones were tired so, after going the complete rounds in the rest room, we went to the Northern Light Presbyterian Church to rest. The children were awedand thrilled over the organ, pews and the church in general. After "parking" the third shift with Dr.Polley and leaving one who knew Juneau, the rest of us rushed off for the boat and lunch getting. Mrs. Young had joined us and helped with the meal and table and serving. She was a wonderful help all the time. After lunch we hurried some of the fourth shift on to Dr. Polley then followed. People stopped at the office to enjoy the children and their remarks - a man gathered us in a group and took our picture and everywhere we gathered went people remarked about the good behaviour of the children. The children went "spending" on their own, which thrilled them. Dr. Polley finished about 3:30 with the 20 of them - Cecelia had given him some interesting instructions on pulling teeth as she had watched him [illegible] teeth on two. He was quite taken with all the children and her especial

He gave us $2 to buy popcorn at the store which we were to attend that evening. I had to go to a Government office to see about getting money for the dentist's bill and took the family. Mr. Card and I had told the children about elevators and escalators and now we were to ride on an [illegible]. We rode rather slowly to the 6th floor and I couldn't help laughing at the remarks of "Jessee, my stomach feels funny!", "Eeeeee- I have tickles in my stomach", "[illegible]", "Did we really go up?", "Eeeeeeeeh, I feel FUNNY!" The elevator man really got a kick out of them, too. We had to go in two groups and the first ones looked rather scared as the door closed and shut us from their view, but they were ready to go down when the time came. We created quite a stir in the offices surrounding Mr. Starling's. The children were unusually good - they talked and laughed but were not too noisy and didn't meddle. We had to hurry home to get our supper so we could get back to the show on time. I carried Cecelia "piggy back" in order to make faster time. We climbed 87 steps to get to the main part of Town, as the small boat harbor is much lower. The doorkeeper at the show was rather dubious about letting Mrs. Young and me in with that crowd of children but we had paid for our tickets [illegible]. The children rushed down near the front and sat down, ready for what was coming. Their eyes were large and round at the beautiful theater. Cecelia and some of the others couldn't get over the "pretty colored lights, the different colors on the curtain, and how come they showed pictures on the curtain before it opened", etc. We saw pictures of the Florida hurricane and Cecelia solemnly remarked, "God makes the wind". The feature was " Man from Frisco" with Michael O'Shea and Ann Shirley and it and the cartoon, Army Aerial Corps were very good and much enjoyed by the group. Lera Ann went to sleep but the rest were wide-eyed thru it all. We bought our popcorn as we left and the "doorman" was all smiles saying he had never seen a group of children so well behaved. It was raining when we came out of the theater but it didn't rain long so we weren't too wet when we arrived at the boat. I sent the rest on and stopped at the hospital for Peter, who was delighted to see me. The Nurses at the hospital fell in love with him. He had had a grand time with little Saul, a 2 year old Indian boy in the same room. Peter calls himself "Smiley" and no "Sam" and he nearly talked a leg off me as we went to the boat. I carried his part way. We were to start that night at 8 a.m. so I tucked the children all into bed after hearing all about everything in the show, the elevator, and many other things that happened and were seen, and our prayer. Peter slept with me and must have feared that I would leave him for he clung to my hand and if I gently pushed his hand away he took my arm or kept close to me. Just as I was dozing off, Cecelia called me saying someone was there to see Juanita. I went to the door and the "cousin" pleaded with tears in his eyes, so I awakened Juanita and went with her for the talk. After re-tucking her in, I was awakened from my nap "Oooo" by a crash - Beatrice had fallen from the upper bunk! I got her back after kissing the bump and scolding her, tucked the girls in where Blossom had fallen off and was snoring again when Mrs. Gregg came in to find where she was to sleep. After settling again, the grown-ups arrived and I heard Mr. Prouty read the note I had left so I knew they were bored for. Shortly after that I heard crying in the cabin and found Alden weeping because his shoulder hurt. I rubbed it and he went off to sleep. I hadn't gone to sleep normally when the boys in the cabin were awake and ready for another day. We had "cooling-system" trouble so turned back to Juneau which delighted the children. After breakfast Agnes and Mrs. Cook took the younger ones for a walk and Mrs. Young and I took the others to do some of the things we just couldn't crowd into the day before. At 2:30 we started homeward enjoying the beautiful sunshine, a glorious sun set and lovely moonlight. We saw a young whale rise almost completely out of the water and porpoises again played near us. We planned to be in Haines at 11 or 11:30 so the children did not go to bed. We sang, played games and ate to keep awake. About 10:30 we got into a fog so dense we couldn't see the water by the boat and were in danger. We prayed for a lifting of the fog and for safety, even the small children - and he did, but we didn't arrive in Haines until 2 o'clock. Mr. Powell, awakened by the lady who was on the dock, came after us on the truck and we went sleepily to bed in our own beds. God had been very good to us during all the trip and we were truly grateful to Him. We appreciated Mr. Prouty and the Princess Kuli. Boo. I have never spent three happier days in my life and shall treasure the memory of them always.

Yes, I am Pal,the Mission Dog,a German Police Dog,or as "Please Dog",as one of my little charges calls me- I wasn't born in Alaska, oh,no! I came on a long journey with my mistress,first by auto which I thought was lots of fun. I rode in a crate on the side and when we stopped there was a ball for me to chase- It was great sport and I still feel that that car belongs to me.

Then we came to Seattle. I had to go down a straight up and down stairway on a boat- could I do it? Ugh!I didn't think I could but that man had his way and down there in that dark hole I stayed for I dont know how long.

Finelly we came to Haines and I took over my duties as a Mission dog. Im busy too. I can tell you. Just ask any dog if he has more children than I have to look after,fifty one just now.

I'M ashamed of the way I acted on my arrival but I didn't know then what a Mission dog was. Before the boatpdonked I caught sight of a big black dog,King Tut, and my heart was filled with a strong dislike for him. Just between ourselves,I dont love him yet- as soon as the men had the gangplank down I started for King Tut and we had a grand fight.

Well they separated us and the next thing I knew I was completely surrounded by children,very dark they seemed but full of love for me at once. They asked my name and wanted to lead me home. I couldn't understand it. Did all these children belong to me? Yes,they did. Do I know all of them? Of course I do! Always I can tell when little visitors come,an outside girl or boy we call them. When we have new children I wont have anything to do with them until I'M sure they are going to stay and be part of my family,then I look after them too.

My work begins early in the morning when the children are called. They hear me coming up the stairs and I tell you they hurry and hop out of bed and get their shoes for woe betide the sleepy head. I grab his shoes and we have a merry chase before I give it back. Remember I live in the girls house and that makes me just twenty five children to play with in the morning. Then the girls have a morning prayer. I sit just as quiet as can be until they are through. Next comes the tooth brush drill. I just sit and laugh at them then for I can keep my teeth whiter than any of them without any brush at all. Before breakfast our charges have to take cod liver oil and I stay on the job until that is over,then I am off for the grown up's dining room where my mistress dines.

Each of the grown-ups gets a nosing welcome from me for I am in luck to get to stay in the dining room,at first I was shunted off but now they have grown more tolerant. They all make such a fuss over me - but not a bite will they give me to eat as yet, but I am the very essence of patience and who knows what the future may hold for me in the grown ups dining room.

After the morning meal the children must go to school,that is after their work is done in dining room kitchen and dormitory.

Helping my mistress

Helping my mistress see the children off to school is one of my heaviest responsibilities,- hands,faces,ears,feet all must be inspected and each child's number checked off in a little book, handkerchiefs are most important too - and dont forget your rubbers its always either raining or snowing here. While the boys and girls are being inspected I run out and get a stick or a ball and then throw it for me to catch, I hardly ever miss it either. I dont know which of us does have the most fun. Guess I do for if they get their hands dirty they must go back and wash again.

My days are very busy and full of hurry and bustle. I run with the farm horses,help with the wood as my picture shows you,or what ever my children do, I do.

In summer when the whistle blows I come running for that means either a walk,a swim or perhaps a berrying,- I oft n wonder how these folks ever went blueberrying without me. They are always getting lo t in the bushes and I have to run around and get them all together again. My, how happy some strayed-by-itself child is to see me!

In winter sometimes I pull sleds but I must confess I am not trained like some dogs I see going by in teams carrying sleds. Only the biggest children dare ride behind me. Once on a sunday afternoon walk each child could ride until he fell off and it didn't take me long to give each one his turn either. They thot it was great sport.

And now that winter is here again I hear the children all talking excitedly about Christmas. I dont wonder for what a glorious time we did have last year. Well do I remember about my stocking. Did I have one? What a question. When we all came into the dining room Christmas morning there was a shout. I looked around to see why. Then I saw. All around the room there were hanging the most gorgeous,big bulging stockings. Everyone looked when mine was handed out. I grabbed it for it looked like a nice new ball inside,then I dropped it quick for it gave a most surprising squeek. Still I wanted that ball. Very gingerly I picked it up again. Once more it squeeked. I drooped it. The children shouted. Well it took me most of the morning to get that ball out of that stocking and to find out what caused that squeak. And to think it was only a little rubber mouse! I finished it in a hurry when I finally saw it.

But no matter whether it is summer or winter we end the day with our worship service. Yes I come to that too. I'm a mission dog so I know I must keep quiet. Mistress sometimes tells the children they dont behave as well as I. Our fifty one boys and girls sing,recite memory verses and sometimes there is a story,then again I keep very still while they pray.

After supper there is a story hour or games twice a week,then I romp with every one for a while. Then I am ready to stretch out and half close my eyes for the night. I like being a Mission dog after all,and I do feel a deep concern for all my little charges. It is hard at times to keep a level head with a family of sixty petting me all day long but so far I have been able to face the world with a look of utmost gravity.

Shooteen's New Home

Shooteen came to Haines House in a big white boat that had three smoke stacks, one very nice captain, and two kinds of dessert every noon for hungry little boys and girls. Shooteen was especially fond of strawberry ice-cream. But she was especially fond of anything that looked good and tasted better. Sometimes she had Jello in 16 different colors-- well, 4 at least.

Shooteen stood on the deck of the big white boat as it tied up at the Haines dock to let her and other passengers get off. She felt very proud of her red taffeta dress, her red plaid stockings. But the pride of her life was her huge green hair-ribbon, handsomely strewn with red, red roses. She held tightly to her small beaded bag, and moved her foot against the suitcase by the rail, just to be sure it hadn't fallen overboard.

Pretty soon the gangplank was down. Somebody came up to her and read the note pinned to her coat which said, "This is Shooteen Skookum--bound for Haines House." Then the Somebody whisked her off to a waiting car and before she could properly smooth her ruffled skirt a kind voice said,

"Well, here we are. Welcome to Haines House, Shooteen."

Several little girls ran out to take her by the hand and soon Shooteen found herself in the Little Girls' Dormitory. She saw two rows of neat comfortable beds, pictures on the walls, and best of all, a cupboard full of dolls. At home Shooteen's three year old brother had broken or fatally injured all her toys

So Shooteen's lonely heart raced high with the hope that maybe out of that cupboard would come a doll to be her very own.

Nancy, a big girl, showed Shooteen where to put her things. A bell sounded through the house and all the girls went to tidy up for evening worshipand supper. Nancy gave Shooteen a clean apron and led her downstairs.

For half an hour the children sang and listened to a Bible story from Miss Lawrence, the director. Then they all trouped out to the dining room. Shooteen liked her supper very much, particularly the fresh milk and the oatmeal cookie. But poor Shooteen was so tired that she almost put the spoon in her eye. So Miss Erma, who looks after the girls, took her upstairs for a long warm bath. After Shooteen had brushed her teeth with a bright new toothbrush she said her prayers to Miss Erma. The bedcovers were turned back invitingly, and with a hop and jump Shooteen wriggled under the blankets. Miss Erma called a good-night and turned out the light. Shooteen settled down in bed to have a good cry because she was so homesick, but her eyes grew heavy too soon. She drifted off to dream of green ice-cream covered with pink seafoam.

Ruth Unangst

FISH EGGS A LA FISH EGGS

The wash tub stood byt the kitchen door. It was piled high with fish egg branches. Theeodor floated up to the girls' dormitory, early Easter morning. "Fish eggs, Um-mm", flashed from girl to girl., in Haines House, Haines Alaska.

The tub was reverently circled by boys and girls after a lovely Easter breakfast. "Fish eggs! I just love fish eggs," was heard by the cooks; as they hurried with their work in order that they might attend the Easter services.

Fish eggs are a favorite treat to the children of Haines House. They come only once a year and that is in the springtime. At this time of year, Naturl instinct drives the herring up the streams to lay their eggs. The native men lay yellow pine branches in the water and the fish lay their eggs in the branches. The eggs are round and as small as a pin head. One dollar buys enough for two meals for the forty-nine children at Haines House.

After church the cooks began to prepare the children's dinner. They took the branches of eggs, washed them in fresh water, dipped them in a large pan of boiling water and seal oil for one minute, cut the large branches into small sections with the scissors, and placed these small twigs in large aluminum kettles ready for serving.

The dinner bell rang for the children's Easter dinner. They filed in and stood behind their chairs. Each child was pleased with the basket of Easter eggs and cookies he found by his plate. The blessing was said by all the children. They filed up with their plates and a big smile for fish eggs. The plates were rounded high with twigs of fish eggs.

Fingers were employed in the process of stripping the eggs from the yellow pine twigs. Fish eggs decorated faces as they came back for a second serving. The brown bread, always received with joy, went a-begging or stepped aside for the fish eggs. --Eyes------ Eyes became no longer eager-looking. Hands moved more slowly. The Sunday candy was "saved" as it is called by the boys and girls. Permission was given for dismissal by the staff member in charge. Happy Indian girls and boys romped out of doors to play declaring, "This is the best Easter we ever had".

---- Ruth Love---

Bear Coming Out of His Hole Plate II –Native Arts of the Pacific Northwest–
Stanford University Press.

On box drum - Drum called for owner (Bear Coming Out of His Hole)
Inherited from his uncle(Bear Getting Into Hole)

See Figure 93. for picture of box drum - same book.

Maybe a cigar box ? One of the smaller designs for handle?

Don't know source of other designs. They belong to one of the local teachers.

Many of these designs are just carved or painted on rectangular or square pieces of plywood, and used as wall decorations. Where colors have been suggested, natural wood shows through where no color is indicated. Colors are always vivid more primary shades not pastels.

Could also be used on square(storage boxes)boxes for jewelry, buttons, what have you.

Scrapbook covers, waste paper baskets, lamp shades.

Made of cardboard, craft paper, plywood wood(even copper?)

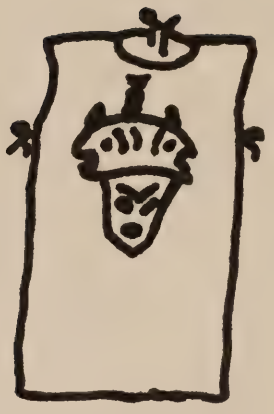
Also trays(how about a pie pan?) (from frozen)

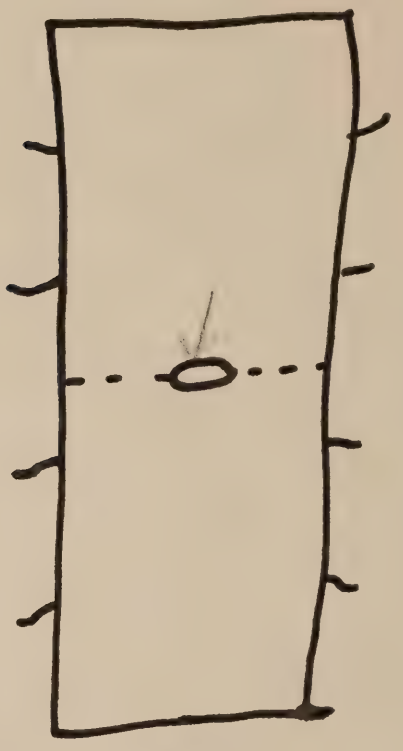
You'll have to adapt the sizes you want!

Colors- Black - Blue - Red - Yellow -

Orange - Green

No Pastels





Little Pearl Shirt Buttons

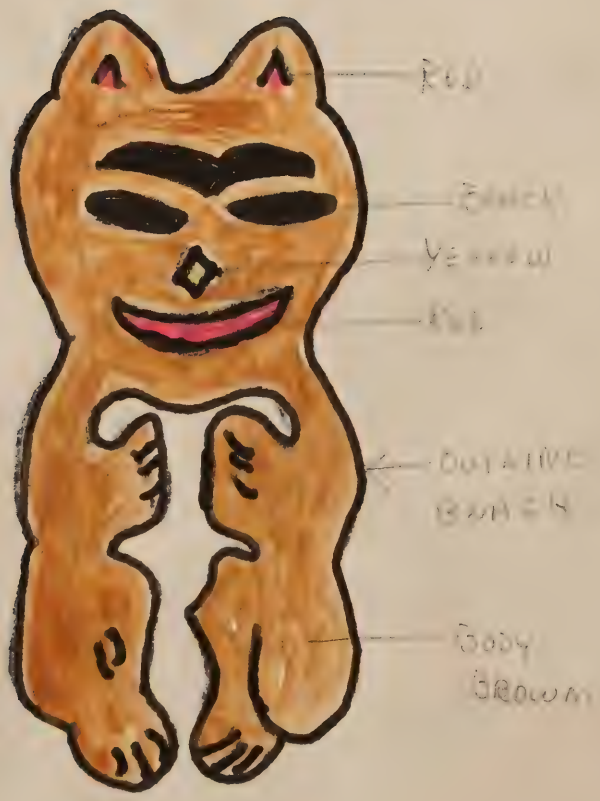
One of the more simple designs could properly be enlarged - via the graft paper method? If you have available a copy of "Native Arts of the Pacific Northwest, Plate 89, you will find a Tlingit design on a Shirt, which we try to suggest above. The shirt could be made of flannel, towel, or just ordinary brown kraft paper. We believe this idea was used by Boys Life one year--but we don't know whether they would be able to have a copyright on it. We thought for Juniors the unnamed designed enclosed would be better than the thunderbird, expecially if they will have to enlarge it. We tried to find out what this design was but not one seemed to be able to tell us, other than that the top was undoubtedly a double killer whale. If the design is enlarged for a shirt(might be a good coverall for those painting sessions)the design could be outlined with a double row of tiny buttons(shirt button size) the Tlingits use the pearl shirt buttons(but whatever mother had in the button box would do). Hope you can get the idea from this crude drawing.

BEAR COMING OUT OF HIS HOLE

BOX DRUM-

TLINGIT

TLINGET - RAVEN DESIGN FROM CEREMONIAL PADDLE



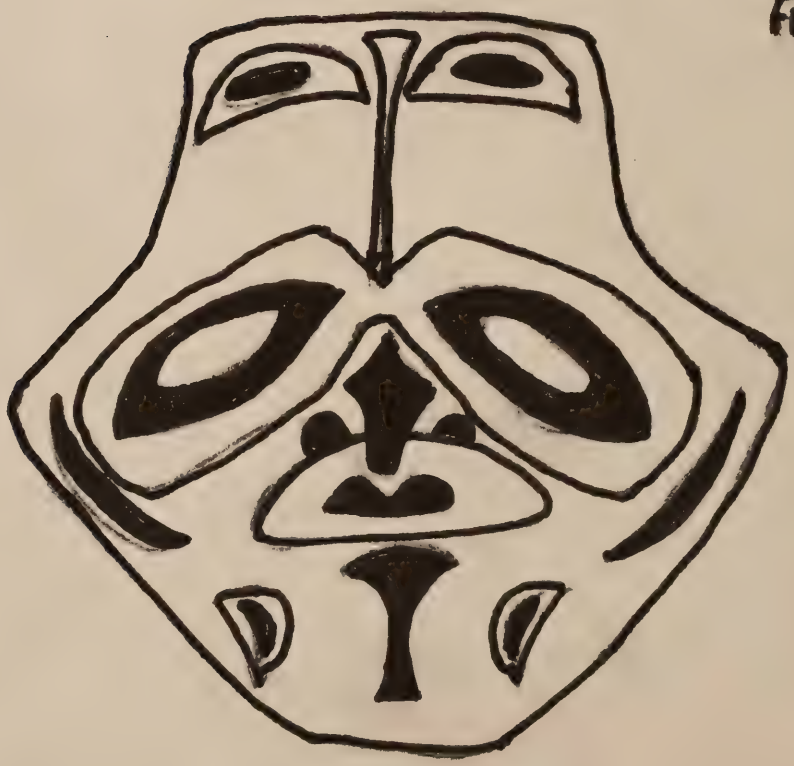
TLINGIT
WOLF MASK

TLINGIT MASK DESIGNS

HAIDA
KILLER WHALE

FROM CERIMONIAL PADDLE

FROM CARVED HORN BOWL



NAIDA

BEAVER

BLANKET DESIGN

HAIDA

OLD MAN OF THE SEA

BLANKET DESIGN

HAIDA
DOUBLE RAVEN